

NATIONAL

5¢
12



DECEMBER
No. 51

COMICS

10¢



THE BARKER

finds THE MISSING LINK
in a chain of strange events!



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Given

Your Choice of Valuable

**GIFTS
OR CASH**

Pick out the gift you want from the articles shown or from the big gift circular included with your first order.



**POWERFUL
TELESCOPE**

GIVEN for selling as few as 5 boxes.

CAMERA
Candid type.

GIVEN for selling 1 order as per catalog.



Birthstone RING

New, dainty ring set with birthstone correct for your month date. GIVEN for selling as few as 5 boxes. A Good Luck Gift.

6 TEASPOONS

The Silverware you will adore. 6 spoons GIVEN for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.



6 TEASPOONS

SET OF DISHES

Complete set of dishes for four, beautifully decorated. GIVEN for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.

BASEBALL GAME

Enjoyed by old and young, complete with score pad. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.



HOLSTER SET
Cowboy Outfit, Pistol and Holster. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.

SEND TODAY

LEATHER BILLFOLD

Full sized leather billfold. GIVEN for selling as few as 5 boxes.



WALKY-TALKY

Gives hours of entertainment. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.



SOFTBALL SET

3-piece outfit. Regulation ball, bat and cap. GIVEN for selling 1 order as per catalog.



FOUNTAIN PEN

Also pencil sets. GIVEN for selling 1 order, as per catalog. We trust you. Send today.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-521, Jefferson, Iowa.

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-521, Jefferson, Iowa**, for order to start.

Name

Address

City

State..... Gift Wanted.....

New ENLARGEMENT

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative

to 5 x 7 inches if You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural.

Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplier are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1316, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

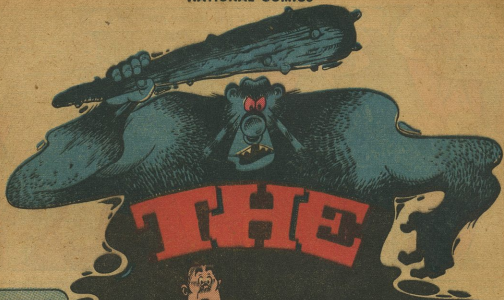


Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to **DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1316, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.**

Name Color of Hair

Address Color of Eyes

City..... State.....



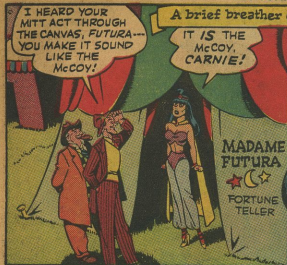
AH-- I SEE IT
APPROACHING
IN THE NEAR
FUTURE-- A
TERRIBLE AND
TREMENDOUS
MONSTER--
NEITHER MAN
NOR BEAST--
SOMETHING
THAT WOULD
TERRIFY EVEN
THE SCIENTISTS
WHO WOULD
CLASSIFY IT!

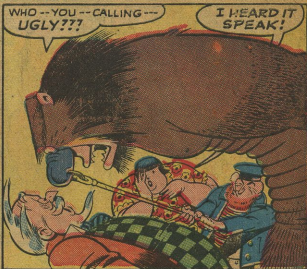
ASK IT WHAT
IT'LL TAKE
TO APPEAR
IN OUR
SHOW!

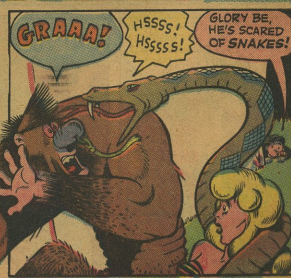
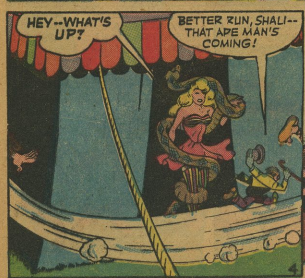
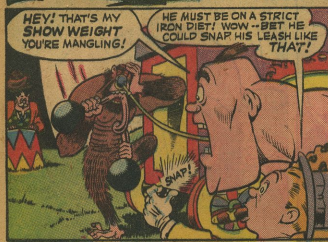
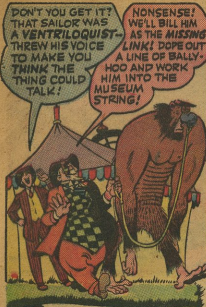
BARKER

By Klaus Nordling

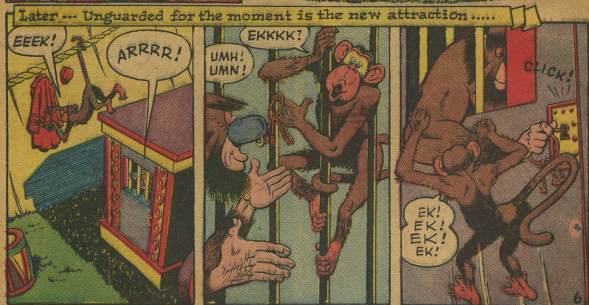
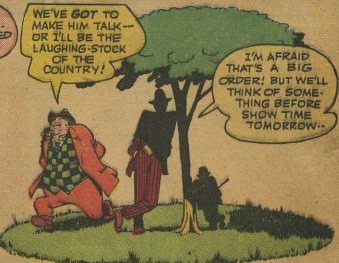
Thrills! Chills! And TERROR!
Carnie Calahan sees them as DRAWING CARDS for
COLONEL LANE'S MAMMOTH CIRCUS!

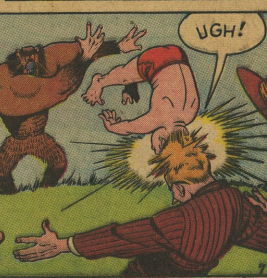
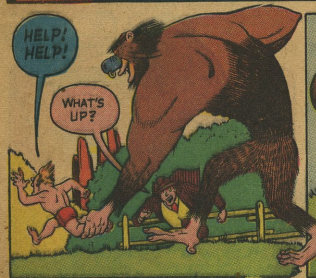
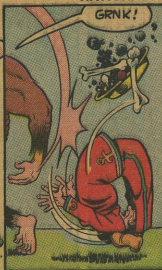


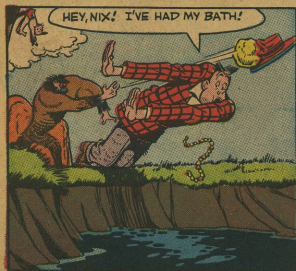


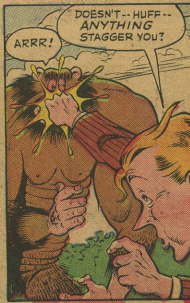
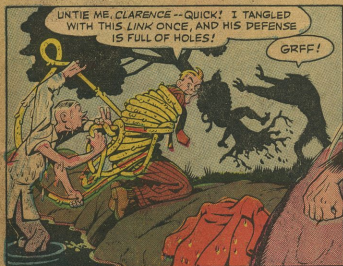
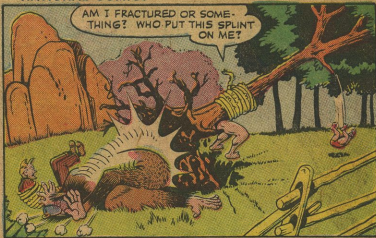










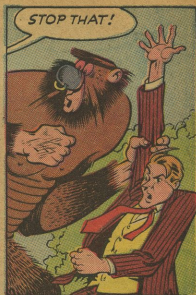




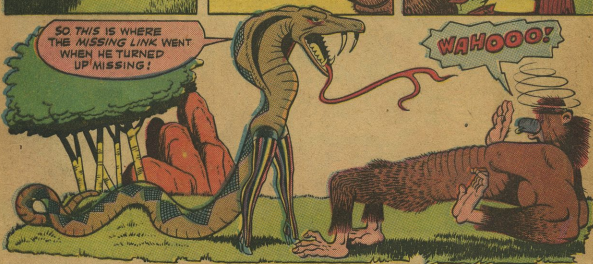
YOW! ALMOST GOT ME!



LOOK! HE LAUGHS WHEN I HIT HIM!



STOP THAT!



SO THIS IS WHERE THE MISSING LINK WENT WHEN HE TURNED UP MISSING!

WAHOOO!



THIS IS THE COSTUME I'M USING IN MY SNAKE DANCE ACT TOMORROW! --DID THE LINK PASS OUT?

YES, BUT DON'T GIVE HIM ANY SMELLING SALTS UNTIL WE GET HIM BACK INTO THE CAGE!



GUESS WE CAN WRAP HIM UP WITH THESE, EH, CARNIE?

ANYTHING! THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO GET HIM TIED AND LOCKED UP BEFORE HE COMES TO!

Next day... and almost show time!

WHY DID I EVER BUY THAT BLASTED LINK? I'M RUINED, CARNIE! RUINED!

WE'VE NEVER LET YOU DOWN YET, COLONEL LANE! COME ALONG!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT ---?

A VENTRILOQUIST FOOLED YOU! -- SO WE'LL FOOL THE PUBLIC!



YES, FOLKS, EXACTLY AS PROMISED --THE MISSING LINK, NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST! YET HE IS BOTH... THE PHYSIQUE OF AN ANIMAL, THE MIND OF A MAN! HE WALKS! HE TALKS!

HELLO --FRIENDS! I'M-- GLAD--THESE--BARS-- KEEP--YOU--OUT!

WHAT GOES HERE? ... I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT'S BACK OF THIS!



MAYBE--I-- SHOULD-- PAY--TO SEE YOU!

LISTEN TO THE MAJOR'S SPIEL! HE SOUNDS MORE LIKE THE MISSING LINK THAN THE REAL ARTICLE!

WELL, COLONEL, HOW WAS IT?

WHEW! --YOU SAVED MY LIFE, GANG, BUT WE'RE DROPPING THIS PHONY MICROPHONE ACT RIGHT NOW! TOMORROW THE LINK GOES INTO THE MENAGERIE!

WE DON'T NEED THE ADDED ATTRACTION, ANYWAY! WE HAVE TINY, THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD... JUDGE, THE SMALLEST...

AND I'M THE FATTEST FEMME ON THE FOOT-STOOL!

WELL! I'M THE HANDIEST!



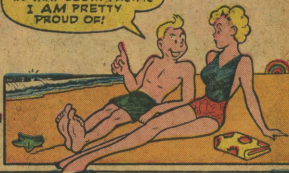
SALTY WATERS

AND I'LL MEETCHA
ON THE BEACH IN
FIVE MINUTES,
GLADYS!



I'LL BET
YOU HAVE
A LOT
TO TELL
ME!

WELL, ONE THING I DID
IN THAT SOUTH PACIFIC
I AM PRETTY
PROUD OF!



AND THAT'S WHEN WE DISCOVERED
AN UNCHARTED ISLAND
NO WHITE MAN EVER
KNEW EXISTED!



I WAS THE FIRST OF
OUR LANDING PARTY ASHORE
--AND AS WE KNEW NO JAPS
WERE AROUND, I COULD FEEL
LIKE A REAL COLUMBUS IN
COMFORT--- AND
PLANT THE
FLAG!



TOO BAD NO PHOTOGRAPHERS
WERE AROUND, BECAUSE IT MUSTA
BEEN A VERY
THRILLING SIGHT.
IF I DO SAY
SO!



THE SUN WAS JUST SETTING IN A
GORGEOUS GLOW OVER THAT
VOLCANIC ISLE WHEN I TOOK
THE FLAG LIKE THIS
AND---



--AIMING
IT AT THE
VERY CREST
OF THE
CRATER'S RIM--



--I TOOK
MY FLAG
STAFF
AND--



--THEN...

WHAMMY!

THE VOLCANO
EXPLODED?

NO! NO!
HELP!



QUICKSILVER

You may not
be able to *SEE*
your peril---

**SMASH IT
ANYWAY!**

Quicksilver, once a trapeze
artist, swings over
a sickening abyss
of menacing
terror!



A stranger in town...

THREE AGAINST
ONE! WITH GUNS---
COWARDS!



PERHAPS I WILL
MAKE THINGS
MORE EVEN ---

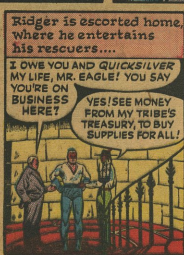
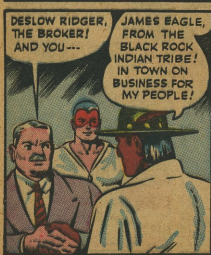
THAT CITIZEN
HASN'T ANY
BUSINESS OF
HIS OWN TO MIND--
SO GIVE HIM
THE BUSINESS!



Not far away, a figure
Senses action

NEXT STREET--
A SCUFFLE!
MAYBE---





Leaving, Quicksilver and Eagle say goodbye...

SO LONG, EAGLE,
I'M GOING THIS
WAY!

AND I THIS!
YOU ARE WHAT
MY PEOPLE
CALL A BRAVE
WARRIOR!

WALKED
INTO THE
TRAP!

GOT HIM FROM
BEHIND, EH? WELL,
TRY TO FIGHT
ME **FACE
TO FACE!**

THE
OTHER
MEDDLER!

I'LL KNOCK
OUT YOUR
BRAINS...
UFF!

AND I'LL
KNOCK OUT
**YOUR
LIVER!**

YOU'RE HARD AS
AN **IRON MAN**...
BUT I'LL PUT
DENTS IN
YOU!

**CLANK!
CLANK!**

EAGLE! ARE
YOU ALL
RIGHT?

OHHHH!

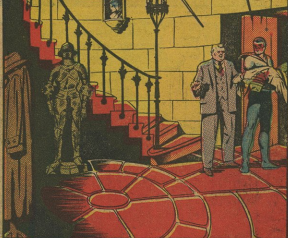
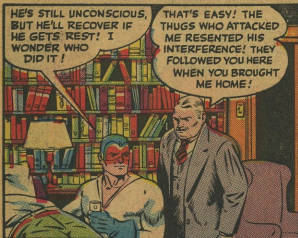
SPLASH!

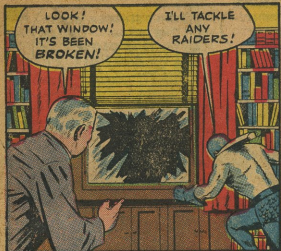


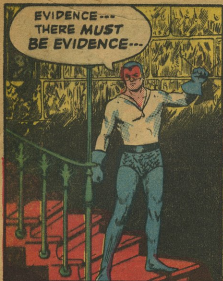
And so Quicksilver hurries back to Ridger's home

HE'S HURT? BADLY? WHAT HAPPENED?

A SNEAK ATTACK! NOW'S YOUR TURN TO HELP HIM!







HE SAVED YOU ---AND YOU REPAID HIM BY DISGUIISING YOURSELF AND ATTACKING! I GUESSED IT WHEN I SAW THAT HAMMER HAD BEEN THROWN THROUGH THE WINDOW FROM THE *INSIDE*!

HE HAS MONEY FROM HIS TRIBE-- A FORTUNE! YOU WON'T KEEP ME FROM GETTING IT!



WHAT---?

DON'T WORRY, EAGLE! I CAN HANDLE THIS WOULD-BE KILLER!



I'LL GET AWAY---



NO, YOU DON'T! AN INDIAN KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE A KNIFE!

SCALP HIM IF HE MOVES, EAGLE! I'LL PHONE THE POLICE!



Later...

IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE KNOWING AND HELPING YOU, EAGLE! CALL ON ME ANY TIME!

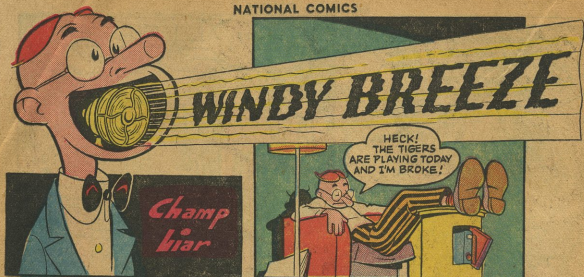
IN MY TRIBE, A WAR FEATHER IS THE DECORATION OF A BRAVE MAN!---

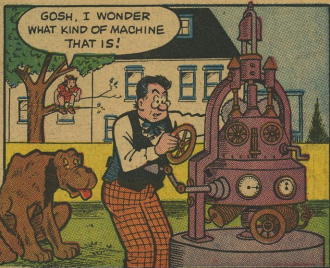
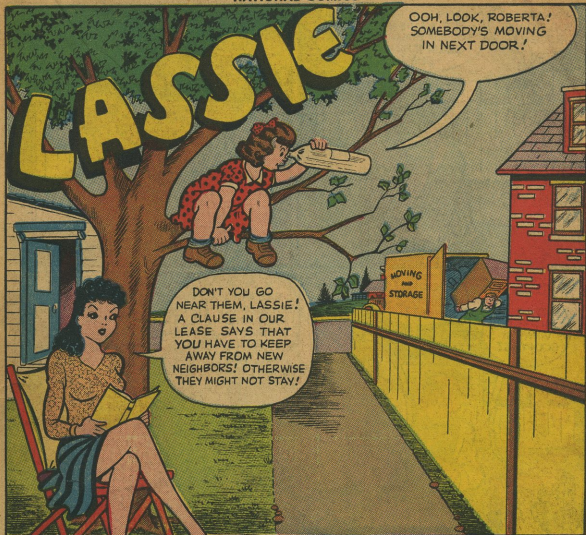


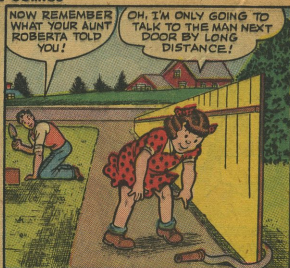
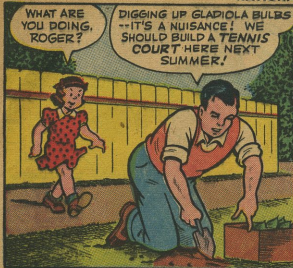
KEEP THIS, QUICKSILVER, IN MEMORY OF THIS ADVENTURE!

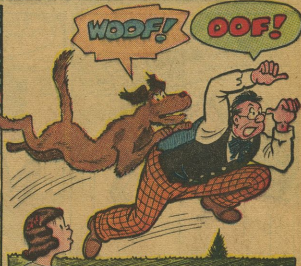
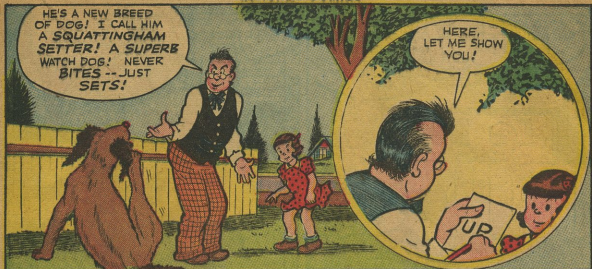
THANKS, EAGLE! AS FOR RIDGER--PROBABLY YOU COULD KNOCK HIM OVER WITH A FEATHER BY THIS TIME!

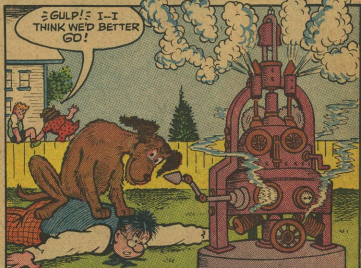
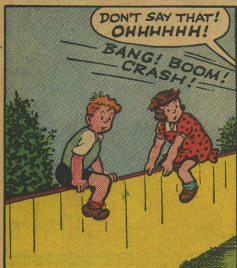


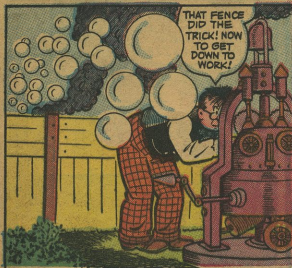
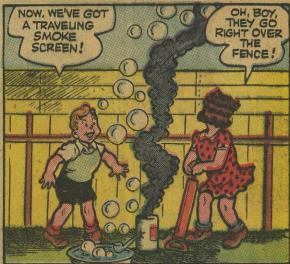
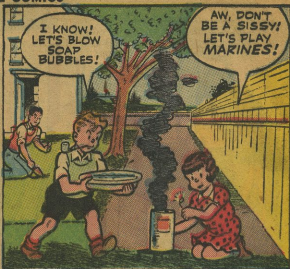
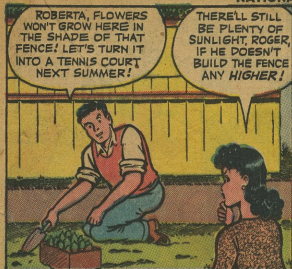


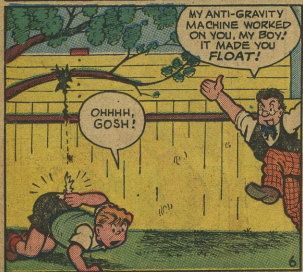
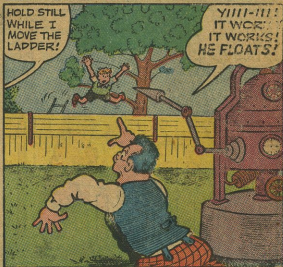
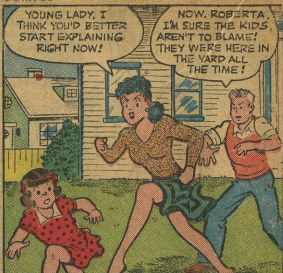


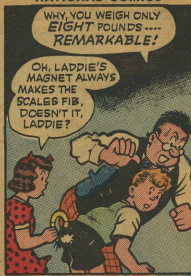












Sally O'NEIL

*The luckiest day
in policewoman
Sally O'Neil's
life was the day
she tried to tackle
"Soup" Simpson
--and missed!*



One night, as Sally walks homeward...











HMMMM! IN THAT CASE I'LL HAVE TO ASK MY-- ER-- ASSISTANT, LEFTY, TO STEP FROM HIS HIDING PLACE AND TAKE YOUR GUN AWAY FROM YOU!

NO, YOU DON'T! I'M NOT TURNING AROUND ON AN OLD GAG LIKE THAT!



GENTLY, LEFTY! MUSTN'T BE ROUGH WITH ONE SO LOVELY!

HAH! YOU DON'T KNOW THIS BABE, BOSS! SHE'S WORSEN TEN WILDCATS WHEN IT COMES TO A SCRAP!



I REGRET THIS, MY DEAR! BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE INTERFERED WITH MY LITTLE MONEY-RAISING PLAN!

YOU'LL HAVE TO ADMIT, IT WASN'T A VERY SMART PLAN, BORIS!



THE GAG'S AS OLD AS THE HILLS-- INSURING A NECKLACE, HIRING A CROOK TO STEAL A DUMMY PACKAGE AND COLLECTING FULL INSURANCE!...

AH, BUT THE OLD GAGS ARE OFTEN BEST, MY DEAR! IF SOUP HADN'T BUNGLED, I'D HAVE COLLECTED \$200,000 INSURANCE ON THESE!



LOOK, BOSS--IF THIS DAME STAYS ALIVE, SHE'LL HAVE EVERY COPPER IN THE COUNTRY ON OUR TRAILS BEFORE MORNING!

OH, YOU'RE DEFINITELY RIGHT, LEFTY!



THAT'S WHY, MUCH AS I REGRET IT, WE'LL HAVE TO CLOSE HER LOVELY MOUTH QUICKLY AND PERMANENTLY!

NOW YOU'RE TALKING, BOSS! I NEVER CAN TELL ABOUT YOU! SHALL I PLUG HER...??



NOTHING SO CRUDE, LEFTY! NOW HERE IS A BOTTLE OF SOUP'S OWN NITRO AND IT GIVES ME A RIPPING IDEA!

WHY, YOU COLD-BLOODED, GRINNING APE!

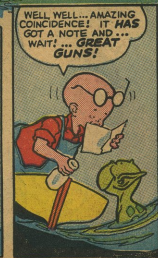
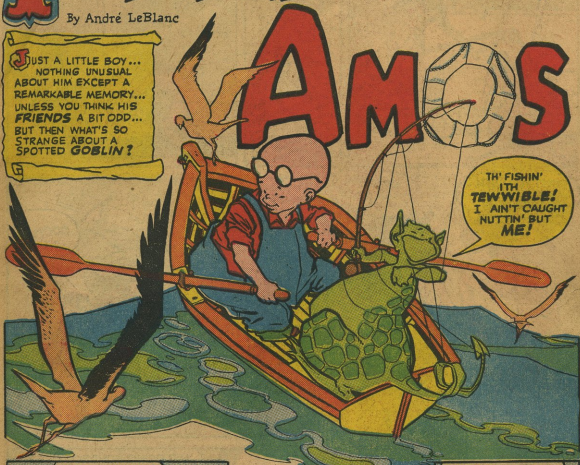




INTELLECTUAL AMOS

By André LeBlanc

JUST A LITTLE BOY...
NOTHING UNUSUAL
ABOUT HIM EXCEPT A
REMARKABLE MEMORY...
UNLESS YOU THINK HIS
FRIENDS A BIT ODD...
BUT THEN WHAT'S SO
STRANGE ABOUT A
SPOTTED GOBLIN?



WE **HAVE** STUMBLED ON SOMETHING...! THIS IS A PLEA FOR **HELP!**



TAKE A LOOK!



WITH HIS REMARKABLE MEMORY, **INTELLECTUAL AMOS** SELECTS, MENTALLY, A COASTAL CHART SHOWING THE SURROUNDING TIDES AND CURRENTS...



WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW THAT CURRENT BACK TO THOSE KIDNAPPERS! ARE YOU GAME, WILBUR?

UH HUH--



MAYBE WE CAN HELP, BUT THE SEA IS MIGHTY BIG...HOW CAN WE FIND THE PLACE?



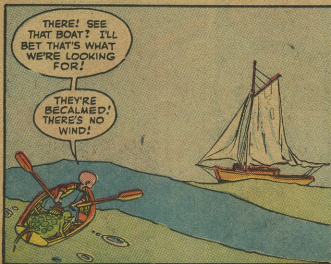
WILBUR, WHEN PEOPLE ARE IN TROUBLE AND ASK FOR HELP, **SOMEBODY'S** GOT TO HELP THEM!

THWELL! LET'TH LET THUMBUDDY ELTH!



THERE! SEE THAT BOAT? I'LL BET THAT'S WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR!

THEY'RE BECALMED! THERE'S NO WIND!

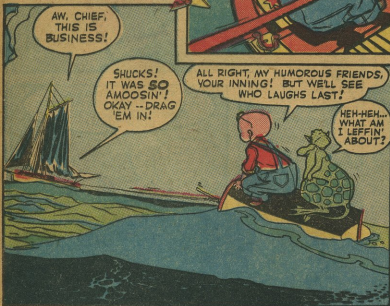


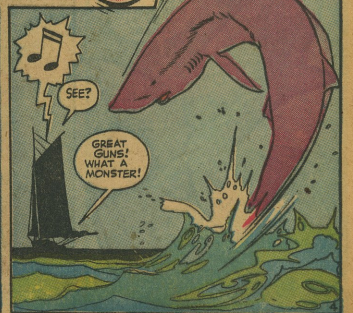
HEY, CHIEF! SOMEBODY'S COMIN' ... AND ... ULP!

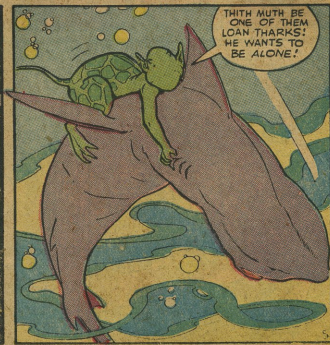
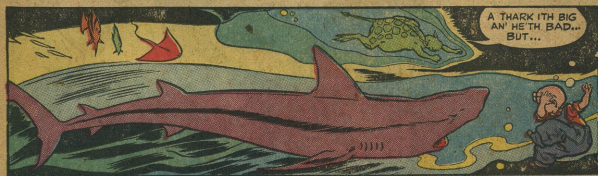
WELL? ... WHERE'S TH' MANNERS YER PORE OLE MAMA TAUGHT YOU ON HOW TO RECEIVE GUESTS?

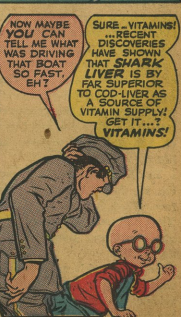
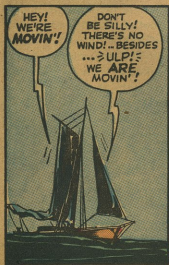
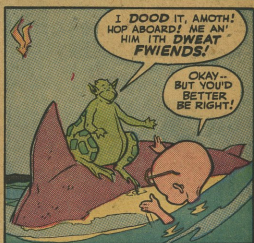
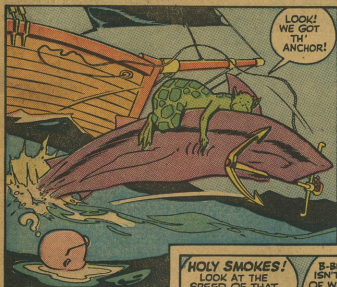
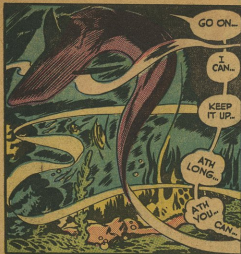
GIVE 'EM THE GUN!











STRANGE ESCAPE

FOR more days than he could remember, Jules had been pacing his cell. The blackness of the small cubicle was only equalled by the blackness of his bitter thoughts.

"Curse them!" he muttered for the thousandth time. "Curse every last one of them. I'll get even. I'll get even with the dirty rats yet!"

The deep rolling of thunder reverberated through the thick stone walls of the prison. And, as Jules stopped before the tiny barred window, rain swirled inward, wetting his face.

For five long years Jules had been thus confined . . . but a small fraction of the life sentence he was serving for the bestial crime he had committed.

Jules was not sorry for killing Banning. He had hated the man with a deep, burning hatred. Banning was a political bigwig. Through crafty manipulation he had gouged Jules out of a sweet racket in the city. And that was signing his death warrant. Jules had cornered him in his office one night, given him a chance to keep his life by reinstating Jules.

But Banning was hard-headed. He had laughed in Jules' face. That was his last laugh. They had found Politician Banning dead, and Jules was sent up for life.

Jules had felt sure that he was making a fine picture of suicide. No fingerprints on the revolver except Banning's own.

The pistol in the dead man's hand. Not fired too far away; there were powder burns on Banning's face. For some time the police thought Banning had killed himself.

Then a smart detective had made a careful examination of Banning's right hand; there were no powder streaks on it. And he knew that all revolvers leave a faint trace of powder on the hand when fired.

Jules muttered as he strode the few feet of his cell. The next time, he'd be smart.

But tonight, black despair and vengeance reigned supreme in his soul; he wished only to escape, in order that he might seek out his destroyers and in turn destroy them. For Jules lived with one thought—to get out and kill every man and woman who had been on the jury that sent him up.

His steps became more feverishly agitated; perspiration gathered on his forehead and he clenched his hands until the stubby nails bit into the flesh.

The thunder crashed, making the huge prison tremble. Jules thought, "What if the joint is struck by lightning? Maybe I could get out without being smashed by rocks."

He thought of his first trip, were he free. Judge Bekins. Yeah, he'd get the old judge first thing. Then Crandell, the District Attorney. And then Holmes, the chief of police, who gloated on the conviction, making a statement to the press

that he'd trap every last rat in the city until he had them all.

By the devious "grapevine" channels, Jules had learned that most of the "rats" had been trapped under Holmes' regime.

A brilliant flash of lightning illumined the far wall of his cell—lighting the cell as it had never before been lighted. Jules' eyes became riveted upon a huge stone, on the lower tier. Were his eyes playing tricks upon him? Or had he in truth seen a tiny crack surrounding the stone, as if the cement were scraped away or altogether removed? Hardly daring to breathe, he tip-toed across the cell and fell on his knees before the stone, feeling its edges.

He gave a low cry. Yes, there was a deep crevice. And, what was more, the stone was loose! Jules tugged at it, tearing the flesh from his finger ends, sweat pouring from his face. Savagely he hurled the lock of matted hair out of his face and doubled his efforts.

Ah! The stone moved. At last he pulled it from its place and peered into the blackness beyond. Another lightning flash showed him what he had hardly hoped to find—a passage in the rock, leading downward from his cell.

Leading—where? Was this freedom at last?

Immediately in front of him (he saw it in a flash of lightning) there lay a yellowed piece of paper. With trembling

NATIONAL COMICS

fingers he carried it to the window, through which shone faint rays of a lamp in the courtyard below. Carefully he unfolded the fragile paper. On it was a brief message, apparently written with some dark fluid. Blood! For the first time in his life, Jules was glad that he was able to read, if only a little. Haltingly he made out the few words:

I ESCAPED FROM THIS PASSAGE. MAY HE WHO FINDS THIS SHARE MY GOOD FORTUNE.

It was unsigned.

The tramp of the sentry's feet resounded outside the cell door. Jules threw himself over the stone until the steps died away; then he thrust his head and shoulders into the opening and began slowly worming his way along the narrow passage before him.

The walls of the tunnel were wet and slimy and a fetid odor assailed Jules' nostrils. But this was balm to his fevered senses. His hands and knees banged into jagged rocks, ripping the flesh, tearing his rotting clothes from him. But of all this Jules knew nothing. His eyes were gleaming, but one thought present in his mind—escape. He dug his bloody fingers into the mud and pushed himself onward steadily, flat on his stomach, like an ungainly serpent.

Where would the passage end? How long was it? Did it lead all the way under the prison? It made no difference to Jules. He would crawl and crawl, even if he had to go miles through the slimy, stygian sewer.

As he advanced the floor became steeper and steeper, slop-

ing at an ever-greater angle. The walls became yet wetter and more slimy and the jagged rocks bit deeper into his writhing limbs. Foot after foot, Jules propelled himself along the narrow path. His breath came in rustling gasps. There was a steady ringing in his head. The air was foul and there was little oxygen.

When—when would the passage end? Jules felt he must have crawled many miles. No telling when it would be day, and then the sentries would find his cell vacant—find the opening. . . . He increased his speed.

Then suddenly Jules stopped, and for one moment an agonizing fear shot through him. He could not turn around. He realized that it would be impossible for him ever to ascend, backwards, that sloping passage to regain his cell if *something* made that act imperative.

A cold shiver tingled his spine. But what could force him back to that cell? What?

He clenched his teeth and forged ahead with the super-

human strength of despair. Surely the end of the passage would come soon. His breathing was labored now, and black specks danced before his eyes. He would not last much longer without pure air. . . .

A sharp bend in the tunnel revealed a sight which made Jules gasp. A faint, circular opening in the distance permitted the rays of the moon to penetrate the terrible blackness. The end of the passage lay before him. Victory! Escape!

The cold air fanned his face and he breathed it in great gulps, hurrying now more than ever.

The passage became ever more sloping as he advanced. His body was inclined at a sickening angle. Strange streaks of blackness seemed to cross his line of vision, as he half fell, half slid the few feet remaining yet to be traversed. . . . Jules' head crashed into something hard, and he was partially stunned. A moment later he opened his eyes and saw before him a heavily barred iron grating, and—a skeleton.

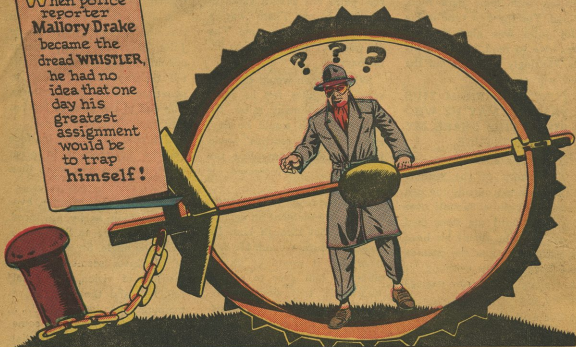
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The WHISTLER

by VERNON HENKEL

When police reporter Mallory Drake became the dread WHISTLER, he had no idea that one day his greatest assignment would be to trap himself!



By day, Mallory Drake is a police reporter... and a good one!

I WISH I KNEW WHAT'S COOKING! CAPTAIN NILES OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT HAS BEEN IN WITH THE BOSS FOR ALMOST AN HOUR...

MAC SHANE
EDITOR

DRAKE! COME ON IN HERE!

OH-OH!
WHAT GIVES, I WONDER!

DRAKE, I'M PUTTING YOU ON A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT!

THAT'S SWELL, BOSS! WHAT IS IT!

WE'RE GOING TO TRAP THE WHISTLER!

BAM!



WELL, HERE GOES NOTHING!
I'LL PHONE AMBERS AND LET
HIM KNOW THE WHISTLER
IS COMING TO CALL---



*Softly the telephone
carries the eerie notes
of the WHISTLER'S trademark*

♪♪♪ MR. AMBERS,
THIS IS THE
WHISTLER! I'D LIKE
TO HELP YOU ---



WHISTLER-- I'M GLAD YOU
CALLED! I'M SUPPOSED TO
PAY OFF TONIGHT AT MID-
NIGHT -- HERE AT MY
APARTMENT! PLEASE
COME---

I'LL BE
THERE, AMBERS!
YOU CAN DEPEND
ON THE
WHISTLER!



THE STAGE IS SET! NOW, AS
SOON AS MY BOSS CALLS MALLORY
DRAKE WITH THE TIP-OFF ... AH,
THAT MUST BE SHANE, NOW!



DRAKE --IT WORKED! THE WHISTLER'S
DUE AT AMBERS' AT MIDNIGHT! YOU
BE THERE EARLY! WE'LL PLANT
THE COPS AHEAD OF TIME!

I'LL BE
AROUND, BOSS--
HIDING
SOMEWHERE!



SINCE THEY EXPECT THE
WHISTLER AT MIDNIGHT--
I'LL GET THERE AN HOUR
EARLY--SO I WON'T DIS-
APPOINT ANYBODY!



THERE'S AMBERS' STUDY
AND NOBODY IN SIGHT! I'M
SURE THEY WON'T OBJECT
IF I WAIT INSIDE WHERE
IT'S WARM!



OH-OH! THAT MUST BE
AMBERS COMING! THIS'LL
BE A GOOD HIDING PLACE
UNTIL TIME FOR THE
WHISTLER'S PUBLIC
APPEARANCE ---



PERFECT! THE WHISTLER'S COMING AND THE POLICE WILL GRAB HIM-- BUT NOBODY KNOWS JUST HOW PERFECT IT IS FOR ME!



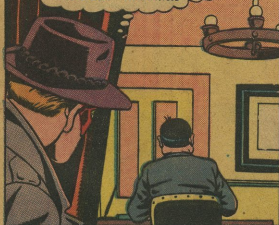
THIS WAS THE SCHEME I NEEDED TO COVER A SHORTAGE AT THE BANK! I'LL COVER MY OWN LOSSES AND LET THE WHISTLER TAKE THE BLAME---



THEY TOLD ME TO MAKE UP \$10,000 IN BILLS AS BAIT! I'LL HIDE THE BILLS, CLAIM THE WHISTLER STOLE THEM, AND MAKE GOOD MY OWN BANK SHORTAGE!



SO IT'S A DOUBLE DOUBLE-CROSS! AND I'M CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE! HMMM...



ELEVEN O'CLOCK! THE POLICE WILL BE SURROUNDING THE PLACE NOW! THEY'LL LET THE WHISTLER IN!~ BUT WHEN HE TRIES TO LEAVE...



Outside...

GOT THE HOUSE COMPLETELY SURROUNDED, CAPTAIN?

BETTER THAN THAT...



I'VE GOT A RING OF POLICE CLOSE TO THE HOUSE! BEHIND THEM I'VE GOT SEARCHLIGHTS SET UP TO GO ON THE MOMENT WE HEAR ANYTHING---



IT'LL BE LIGHT AS DAY! NOT EVEN A MOUSE COULD LEAVE THE HOUSE WITHOUT BEING SEEN AND GRABBED!



ELEVEN-THIRTY! GUESS IT'S TIME TO GO INTO ACTION!



Like a ventriloquist, the WHISTLER can throw the weird notes of his whistle to a distant corner ...



WHA---?? THOSE BLOOD-CURDLING NOTES!...HE'S HERE! THE WHISTLER'S HERE-- BUT I CAN'T SEE HIM!

MAYBE YOU WEREN'T LOOKING THE RIGHT WAY, AMBERS!



TH-THE WHISTLER!

DON'T BE NERVOUS, AMBERS! I'VE COME TO HELP! TELL ME ABOUT THE--ER--EXTORTION THREATS!



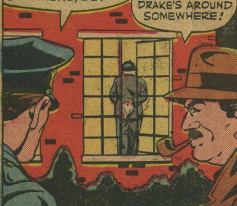
OH--UH--THE THREATS! Y-Y-YES, I'LL T-TELL YOU--

JUST--ER--SIT DOWN, WHISTLER--AND I'LL--UH--TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT!



THANKS, SO MUCH!

THERE'S THE SIGNAL! THE WHISTLER'S IN THERE WITH AMBERS! I DUNNO HOW HE GOT THERE, BUT...

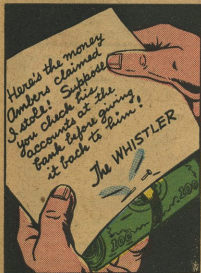


NEVER MIND THAT! CLOSE IN ON THE HOUSE!... I HOPE MALLORY DRAKE'S AROUND SOMEWHERE!

ALL RIGHT, WHISTLER! YOUR OUTLAW DAYS ARE OVER!... SURRENDER OR WE'LL SHOOT!

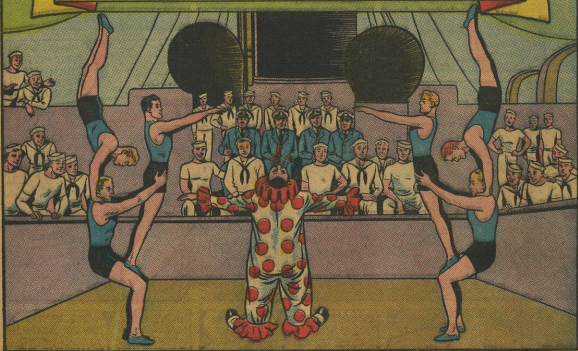


WELL, WELL! LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT ME SURROUNDED, CAPTAIN...



Destroyer 171

It started out to be less than a routine assignment for the **U.S.S. PAWNEE**, fighting **DESTROYER 171**! For orders were simply to transport an entertainment troupe to the island of Paasuvi! But before the voyage was over the officers and crew learned a new lesson in Jap battle tactics...and they learned something about entertainers, too!



COMMANDER
BLAKE!

YES,
CONROY?

THESE ORDERS
JUST NOW CAME ON
THE WIRELESS!

ORDERS? BUT WE'RE
ALREADY ASSIGNED TO
A TASK FORCE!





At Island X, Destroyer 171 picks up its assigned cargo --

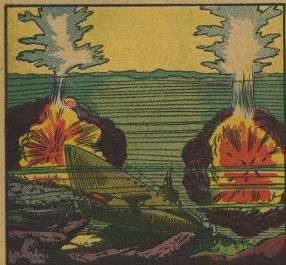
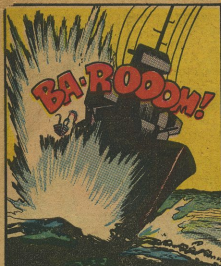


Later, Destroyer 171 resumes its journey to PaaSuvi ...



ACTORS, FOR EXAMPLE! PURELY A PEACETIME PRODUCT! NO PLACE FOR THEM DURING A WAR!







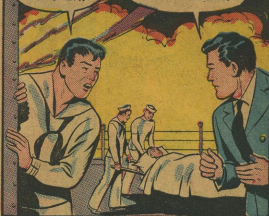


Mortally wounded, Destroyer 171 lashes back with all guns at the terrible barrage of enemy fire!



WE NEED ANOTHER MAN ON THE FIVE-INCHER!

ALL THE MEN WHO CAN WALK ARE FIGHTING FIRES! DO THE BEST YOU CAN!



I'LL TAKE OVER!

BUT MR. HALLAM, YOU'RE NOT A COMBATANT! TAKE COVER!

CALL ME JACK! ... ISN'T THAT A SWEET GUN?

SMOOTH AS APPLE CIDER! BUT THE GUN! JAPS WON'T LIKE IT!



ZOWIE! A FOURTEEN-INCHER! THE JAPS ARE SWINGING A HEAVYWEIGHT AT US!



THAT NEXT BROADSIDE WILL FLATTEN US!

WE'RE FINISHED, SIR!

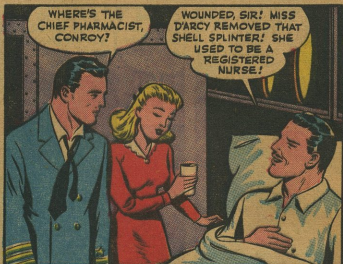
WHAT'S THAT?

BARRROOM!



IT'S OUR FLEET!... THEY'RE HERE!







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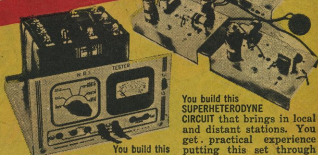
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